

The Red Rifles

by goldmonk

Category: Halo

Genre: Adventure, Sci-Fi

Language: English

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2014-02-05 17:36:22

Updated: 2014-02-05 17:36:22

Packaged: 2016-04-27 04:46:44

Rating: T

Chapters: 1

Words: 1,306

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: The second book in a three part story. The Red Rifles follows a Spetznaz operator named Alexi Radikov and his team. Takes place during the same time period as "Chronicles of Zulu".

The Red Rifles

****Book Two- The Red Rifles****

****Chapter 1- On the Brink of War****

January 6, 2550

Russian-Kazakhstan border

The soldier held his rifle near his chest and at the ready. He sat up against the truck with his squad mate. The squad mate was currently polishing his AK-110.

"Alexi, why do you clean your rifle so much?" asked the soldier. Alexi looked up at the soldier and held his AK up.

"Because a clean rifle does not fail you in battle, Victor." responded Alexi as he soon went back to work on his rifle. A sergeant walked over to the two soldiers.

"Get on your feet. Both of you!" ordered the sergeant.

"Yes, Sergeant." responded both soldiers in unison. They got on their feet as the sergeant stormed away. Alexi took a moment to look around at the Russian soldiers preparing for the invasion.

"Why are we invading Kazakhstan?" Alexi asked as Victor loaded a magazine into his rifle.

"We are sending a message to the Alliance that we mean business. China is doing the same with Nepal and India." responded Victor. "We

will take over all of Asia and then we will move to Europe. No one will be able stop us." he continued as they lined up with other soldiers behind armored personnel carriers and tanks. An officer climbed out of the hatch of a tank and inspected the soldiers.

"The Kazakhstanis will be expecting us! But they do not compare to our might! To our manpower! We will crush them beneath our iron fists! Now, Forward!" screamed the sergeant as the tanks began to roll forward. The soldiers followed the tanks and stayed behind them for protection. Suddenly, an ominous whistle was heard over the battlefield.

"Incoming!" warned a soldier. But he was too late, as a round made contact with a tank. It erupted in flames as soldiers began to open fire. The artillery continued to fall as the Russians moved up slowly before the tanks broke off near the Kazakhstani frontline. The soldiers began to charge, but several were cut down by machine gun fire. Alexi ducked underneath the gunfire and covered his head. He felt something grab the back of his collar and pull him away.

"Let's go brother!" screamed Victor as he dragged Alexi away from the gunfire. Alexi could hear the bullets flying past his brother until he heard a tank fire and destroy a couple of machine gun nests before the grunts began to move forward. But the enemy was waiting for them and unleashed a hail of bullets. Alexi opened up with his AK and cut down a few Kazakhstanis, covering the snow around them with blood. Victor motioned his brother over to a tank to cover it as it advanced along the frontline. A rocket came out of nowhere and flew past the tank Alexi and Victor were by. Alexi turned around to watch the rocket collide with a tank behind them. The blast destroyed the tank and ignited the soldiers around it. The soldiers engulfed in fire began to run around flailing their arms and trying to put themselves out. Their comrades tried to help them, but their efforts were not enough. Alexi could hear the screams of the men as they burned to death, it made him cringe. What a terrible way to go, he thought to himself. That thought was instantly cut off by another soldier trying to rally everyone.

"What are you doing standing here? Push up!" commanded the soldier. Unfortunately before he could spread his message, a bullet went through his chest. Alexi heard a thunk as the bullet collided with the unlucky soldier. His eyes rolled back as he went limp and hit the ground face first, dead. Alexi stayed near the tank and his brother, not wanting to suffer the same fate as the soldier who tried to be a hero. He had just finished basic training only three months ago and he was already being thrust into this huge battle. He feverishly looked around for any safe haven, but only found the tank he was right beside.

"Break off and head for the trench!" ordered his brother as he ran from the tank. Alexi followed him into the trench, where they found several enemies waiting for them. Both brothers opened fire with the 110's and killed the group. The bodies hit the ground and fell on top of each other. The brothers stepped over the pile of bodies and continued down the trench. As they moved along, more of their comrades were able to join them. Alexi could hear the same sergeant from earlier yelling.

"Push these rats back! Drive them out of their holes!" he commanded with enthusiasm. The soldiers obeyed his commands and pushed the

Kazakhstanis back to their second line of defense. Unfortunately, the Kazakhstani Army had their tanks ready. The HT-40 Ramses was given to several neutral nations by the British in order to convince them to join the World Alliance. Even though they were an older model, it still had slopped armor and boasted a 120mm cannon. It was a fair fight between it and the T-120. Only difference was experience, Russian tankers had superior training compared to their Kazakhstani counterparts. Quickly, the Russians took aim and unleashed hell from their 180mm guns. Several HT-40s burst into flames before a single shot was fired from their guns. But when the Kazakhstanis returned fire, their volley was just as devastating. One T-120 came to a sudden halt after taking a direct hit. Then when its top hatch opened, flames erupted out of it like a chimney. Two of the three man tank crew crawled out screaming and ablaze. Several Russian ran over and proceeded to put them out, but Alexi knew they were out of the fight. Suddenly, Alexi also noticed the tank they were taking cover beside had one of its tracks destroyed; making it a sitting duck. Two 120mm rounds landed direct hits, causing a large explosion which sent the turret hurtling into the air. Alexi ducked in order to avoid all the debris, and tried to look around for his brother. He found Victor about 15 yards away near a tank moving across the trench.

"Come on Alexi! There's no time to waste!" yelled Victor as he motioned Alexi to move forward. When Alexi looked over to where Victor wanted him to move, and he saw an HT-40 aiming right at the tank Victor was beside.

"Victor! Move!" he tried to warn his brother but it was too late. The enemy scored a direct hit, Victor was engulfed in flames, and Alexi was knocked off his feet. His vision went blurry but he could still see the large piece of metal flying in his direction. He did his best to dodge it, but he couldn't tell if it missed because of the suddenly feeling that went through his body. Except for his left arm, he couldn't feel it. He was staring up at the clouds wondering about this new feeling. He looked over thinking he had a broken arm, but what he found was much worse. There was a large pool of blood forming in the spot where his arm should have been. His arm had been taken off a few inches below his shoulder. He began to scream but nothing came out. He was scared, would he die in a cold trench covered in his own blood. Also, where was Victor? Alexi began to hyperventilate as his vision slowly began to fade out. He could hear people talking around him, but he couldn't make out what they were saying. His last feeling before blacking out was remorse. Remorse because he could not save Victor, the one person he cared about. His world was crushed and now he was dead.

End
file.